

CAUGHT WITH GOODS, BURGLARS CONFESS

Young Men Had Looted the
Home of Ely T. Berheim
in Harlem.

FAMILY IN THE SOUTH.

Police Think Crooks Belong to
Same Gang as Men Captured
Yesterday.

Policeman Frank P. Schlamp, of the West One Hundred and Twenty-fifth street station, saw a couple of men slinking along Seventh avenue, near One Hundred and Sixteenth street, early to-day with their arms full of bundles. He arrested them and took them to the station-house. One of them had a camera, with which he said he was going to take some photographs.

At the police station the bundles were found to contain silverware and silk. The two young men after being examined for some time broke down and confessed that they had been robbing the home of Ely T. Berheim, No. 22 West One Hundred and Twenty-fifth street. The police went to the house and found it ransacked from top to bottom.

The two said they were Charles Gatto, twenty years old, no home, and John March, nineteen, of No. 411 East Seventy-third street. They were taken to Police Headquarters, where their pictures were taken for the "Bogus" Gallery. They were arraigned later in the Harlem Police Court and held for further examination.

An Organized Band.
The police believe they have struck the trail of an organized band in the arrests to-day and those of yesterday when two young fellows were caught within a block of the scene of to-day's robbery, also loaded down with plunder. These caught yesterday confessed to plundering the home at the rear of the Bernheim home and were held pending a further investigation. It is the belief of the police that these young fellows are merely the tools for other and cleverer thieves who are breaking them into the business.

The robbery to-day was carefully planned and carried out. The two young thieves had discovered that the family was away for the winter and had laid their plans accordingly. They gained entrance to the house by going up through a flatbush a few doors away and getting to the roof.

After trying of the scuttle of the Bernheim home they let themselves down to the garret floor by a rope. Here a massive door leading to the floor below blocked them. After an hour's work they managed to pick the lock of this door and then the house lay at their mercy. They took their time and ransacked it from top to bottom. There was no burglar alarm and they worked without fear of molestation.

Every room was searched and the loot packed up carefully in big bundles. The safe that stood in the library was moved to the middle of the floor and for two hours the two men worked over it with drills in their vain efforts to open it. In all about \$10,000 worth of property was packed up preparatory to being carried off.

Intended to Return.
The two crooks shortly after daylight loaded up with several bundles and telling themselves out into the street, made their way toward Seventh avenue. It was then Policeman Schlamp saw them. After questioning them the policeman felt that they were the same fellows who had been seen in the Bernheim home. He arrested them and took them to the station-house. They were arraigned later in the Harlem Police Court and held for further examination.

The trouble with pinocchio up in the Bronx is that it hasn't the approval of Feminine society. The Bronx women are red-headed after those "dens of iniquity" where spouses sit over the aluring game, while housewives yawn and men give up their cash.

The pinocchio mania has developed into one grand scandal. Any Bronx matron can tell you about it, but especially the wives of the six men implicated in the great exposure.

Awful Losses Exposed.
No gambling affair at Canfield's has caused the excitement along Millionaires' Row that has the pinocchio exposure in the Bronx. It is reported that Sam Winters lost thirty-five cents last week, and Larry Williamson borrowed thirty cents out of little Willie's bank to plunge into the gambling vortex at Jacob Holm's barber shop. For know that the Bronx women fattered out themselves where their wayward husbands were spending the evening. The barber shop was "spotted," then indignation letters began to pour upon the head of Capt. Brennan, of the Tremont avenue station.

The Bronx women asked to have the "gambling hells" closed up. Next, one of the women appealed to District Attorney Jerome.

Be that as it may, a little friendly game was interrupted at Jacob Holm's tonorial parlor, and six pinocchio-playing husbands didn't go home at all.

So impressed was Magistrate Leroy B. Crane with the story told him last night by an old German saloon-keeper, who was locked up in the East One Hundred and Fourth Street Police Station on a charge of assault and robbery, that he held court in the police station and, after hearing both sides of the case, discharged the defendant and held the plaintiff on a charge of intoxication.

Leo Katz is a liquor dealer at No. 204 Second avenue. Early last evening Juan Brady, twenty-nine years old and homeless, entered the place and because Katz refused to serve him with a drink he became quarrelsome. He then claims that he was thrown out of the place, and in the tussle Katz reached into his jacket pocket and stole \$50.

Brady came back later with a detective from the East One Hundred and Fourth street station, and Katz was arrested. He was held by Sgt. Thompson on the charge of assault and robbery.

Katz's wife hurried to Magistrate Crane's home, at No. 129 West One Hundred and Ninety-ninth street, and asked him to bail her husband out. He opened court when he reached the station, Brady not having had a chance to get out. A ten-minute hearing convinced him that Brady's story was off color.

Brady will appear before Magistrate Crane in the Harlem Police Court.

Next Sunday's World.
A Striking
SHORT STORY.
A Remarkable
THEATRICAL PAGE.
A New
COMIC SERIES.
And Many Other
Features.

NEXT
SUNDAY'S WORLD.

HELD COURT IN
A POLICE STATION.

Magistrate Crane Quickly Turned
Complainant Into Prisoner at
Impromptu Hearing.

So impressed was Magistrate Leroy B. Crane with the story told him last night by an old German saloon-keeper, who was locked up in the East One Hundred and Fourth Street Police Station on a charge of assault and robbery, that he held court in the police station and, after hearing both sides of the case, discharged the defendant and held the plaintiff on a charge of intoxication.

Leo Katz is a liquor dealer at No. 204 Second avenue. Early last evening Juan Brady, twenty-nine years old and homeless, entered the place and because Katz refused to serve him with a drink he became quarrelsome. He then claims that he was thrown out of the place, and in the tussle Katz reached into his jacket pocket and stole \$50.

Brady came back later with a detective from the East One Hundred and Fourth street station, and Katz was arrested. He was held by Sgt. Thompson on the charge of assault and robbery.

Katz's wife hurried to Magistrate Crane's home, at No. 129 West One Hundred and Ninety-ninth street, and asked him to bail her husband out. He opened court when he reached the station, Brady not having had a chance to get out. A ten-minute hearing convinced him that Brady's story was off color.

Brady will appear before Magistrate Crane in the Harlem Police Court.

LITTLE GIRL GRADUATES OF NO. 93 IN FANCY COSTUMES



Fifty-four Educational Buds
Make Sweet Picture at
Commencement.

Public School No. 93, Amsterdam
and Ninety-third street, held com-

mencement exercises yesterday for
fifty-four sweet girl graduates. And
a very charming spectacle the pretty
girls made it.

There was an attractive programme
of choruses, dances and recitations. Prob-
ably the most successful number was
the dance of the Watteau shepherd-
esses, thirty girls trained by Miss Zina
Mayo. The little ladies were very
quaint in powdered curls, big black
hats and flowered gowns. Their dance
figures and the music of their songs
were arranged by Miss Mayo.

Eighteen youngsters from 6A in pic-
tureque costumes gave the Nature
Class Song from Wonderland. They
were an amateur merry-merry most
creditable to Miss Jeffries and Miss
Anderson, their stage managers. "The
Japanese Fan" given by 1B and "My
Little Buttercup" by 5B were also pre-
tremely done.

The rest of the programme in part
was as follows:

Recitation, "Modern Education," Miss
Nathalie Vassar; drill, class work with
balls, selected graduates, drama, "Vil-
lage with One Gentleman," eight gradu-
ates; recitation, "Dad Sez So, Anyhow,"
Misses Mildred Coster and Alma Kol-
lenberg.

The valedictory address was deliv-
ered by Miss Dorothy Cocks and the
address to graduates by Commissioner
Nicholas J. Barrett.

Louis Werner, chairman School Board,
presented the class medals as follows:
Hauptner Medal—First honor awarded
to Miss Dorothy Cocks.

Gruber Medal—Second honor awarded
to Miss Alice Greenstein.

School Board Medal—Awarded to Miss
Amy Luper.

Joseph S. Taylor Prize—Examinations
Awarded to Miss Dorothy Cocks.

Grammar Medal—Awarded to Miss
Helen Burrows, 100 per cent.

Maria Medal—Awarded to Miss Dor-
othy Keen.

History Medal—Awarded to Miss Alice
Greenstein.

The addresses to the school were deliv-
ered by Dr. Joseph S. Taylor, Dis-

trict Superintendent; Rev. William P.
Kenneb, D. D.; John Ford and Joseph
Schloss.

That is where the Pneumatic Vacuum
Cabinet does its work. It makes the pa-
tient breathe.

The patient sits comfortably and quietly
within this air-tight box and the air is
pumped away from around him. The out-
side air is then let into the lungs and air
passages through a tube provided with a
stop-cock. You see what must happen. Be-
cause there is no air around the patient,
the air coming in through the tube must
expand the lungs. That's exactly what it
does. Before you know it you are breath-
ing, deeply, generously. You haven't sup-
posed you ever could breathe like that
again. But you can, and do. The comfort
and relief are wonderful. You feel good
at once.

Every part of the lungs feels good. The
second and succeeding treatments are even
better. The lungs are getting back the
breathing habit, and with the new habit
comes new life.

Then the healing vapors and germ killers,
Eucalypti and Pineola.

The juices of newly discovered plants, are
sprayed into the air as it enters the tube.
The Consumption and Bronchitis Germs
cannot live in their presence. Asthma
yields to them at once. They heal the dis-
eased surfaces and complete the cure that
the air has begun.

This Breathing Cabinet is one of the most
marvelous inventions of the age. Come in
and see it work. Note that it doesn't set
on the stomach or limbs or feet, but the
lungs and air passages. It goes direct to
the seat of the disease itself and
cures it. It is doing that daily. If
others are cured, you can be.

Besides the Cabinet we also use the fam-
ous Violet Ray, discovered by Dr. Finsen
of Copenhagen. We use the light when-
ever our specialists find it necessary. Call
before it is too late. You can be cured if
you will act in time.

CABINAC INSTITUTE,
Suite 511, No. 400 W. 23d St.

Excitement is rife in the Bronx. All
you want to draw a crowd is to wink
and whisper "Pinocchio." It's the big-
gest scandal that has broken loose
across the river for many a moon.

As for the naughty, naughty men, the
Bronx women say they are not going
to stop till every gambling joint where
pinocchio is played has been
"pulled." They don't care whose hus-
bands are caught.

"I have my ideas as to who sent
some of the letters complaining about
these gambling hells, but I'm not say-
ing," said an indignant Webster ave-
nue woman. "Why, it's something
awful. My husband's getting to be a
perfect nighthawk. One night he didn't
get in till 11 o'clock, and when I went
through his pockets he didn't have a
cent. It's a crime, that's what it is.
We Bronx women ought to band to-
gether and crush this noxious to earth-
ly life. It's a real menace to our domestic
peace and it is leading our husbands
astray."

Excitement is rife in the Bronx. All
you want to draw a crowd is to wink
and whisper "Pinocchio." It's the big-
gest scandal that has broken loose
across the river for many a moon.

As for the naughty, naughty men, the
Bronx women say they are not going
to stop till every gambling joint where
pinocchio is played has been
"pulled." They don't care whose hus-
bands are caught.

"I have my ideas as to who sent
some of the letters complaining about
these gambling hells, but I'm not say-
ing," said an indignant Webster ave-
nue woman. "Why, it's something
awful. My husband's getting to be a
perfect nighthawk. One night he didn't
get in till 11 o'clock, and when I went
through his pockets he didn't have a
cent. It's a crime, that's what it is.
We Bronx women ought to band to-
gether and crush this noxious to earth-
ly life. It's a real menace to our domestic
peace and it is leading our husbands
astray."

Excitement is rife in the Bronx. All
you want to draw a crowd is to wink
and whisper "Pinocchio." It's the big-
gest scandal that has broken loose
across the river for many a moon.

As for the naughty, naughty men, the
Bronx women say they are not going
to stop till every gambling joint where
pinocchio is played has been
"pulled." They don't care whose hus-
bands are caught.

"I have my ideas as to who sent
some of the letters complaining about
these gambling hells, but I'm not say-
ing," said an indignant Webster ave-
nue woman. "Why, it's something
awful. My husband's getting to be a
perfect nighthawk. One night he didn't
get in till 11 o'clock, and when I went
through his pockets he didn't have a
cent. It's a crime, that's what it is.
We Bronx women ought to band to-
gether and crush this noxious to earth-
ly life. It's a real menace to our domestic
peace and it is leading our husbands
astray."

Excitement is rife in the Bronx. All
you want to draw a crowd is to wink
and whisper "Pinocchio." It's the big-
gest scandal that has broken loose
across the river for many a moon.

As for the naughty, naughty men, the
Bronx women say they are not going
to stop till every gambling joint where
pinocchio is played has been
"pulled." They don't care whose hus-
bands are caught.

"I have my ideas as to who sent
some of the letters complaining about
these gambling hells, but I'm not say-
ing," said an indignant Webster ave-
nue woman. "Why, it's something
awful. My husband's getting to be a
perfect nighthawk. One night he didn't
get in till 11 o'clock, and when I went
through his pockets he didn't have a
cent. It's a crime, that's what it is.
We Bronx women ought to band to-
gether and crush this noxious to earth-
ly life. It's a real menace to our domestic
peace and it is leading our husbands
astray."

Excitement is rife in the Bronx. All
you want to draw a crowd is to wink
and whisper "Pinocchio." It's the big-
gest scandal that has broken loose
across the river for many a moon.

As for the naughty, naughty men, the
Bronx women say they are not going
to stop till every gambling joint where
pinocchio is played has been
"pulled." They don't care whose hus-
bands are caught.

"I have my ideas as to who sent
some of the letters complaining about
these gambling hells, but I'm not say-
ing," said an indignant Webster ave-
nue woman. "Why, it's something
awful. My husband's getting to be a
perfect nighthawk. One night he didn't
get in till 11 o'clock, and when I went
through his pockets he didn't have a
cent. It's a crime, that's what it is.
We Bronx women ought to band to-
gether and crush this noxious to earth-
ly life. It's a real menace to our domestic
peace and it is leading our husbands
astray."

Excitement is rife in the Bronx. All
you want to draw a crowd is to wink
and whisper "Pinocchio." It's the big-
gest scandal that has broken loose
across the river for many a moon.

As for the naughty, naughty men, the
Bronx women say they are not going
to stop till every gambling joint where
pinocchio is played has been
"pulled." They don't care whose hus-
bands are caught.

"I have my ideas as to who sent
some of the letters complaining about
these gambling hells, but I'm not say-
ing," said an indignant Webster ave-
nue woman. "Why, it's something
awful. My husband's getting to be a
perfect nighthawk. One night he didn't
get in till 11 o'clock, and when I went
through his pockets he didn't have a
cent. It's a crime, that's what it is.
We Bronx women ought to band to-
gether and crush this noxious to earth-
ly life. It's a real menace to our domestic
peace and it is leading our husbands
astray."

Excitement is rife in the Bronx. All
you want to draw a crowd is to wink
and whisper "Pinocchio." It's the big-
gest scandal that has broken loose
across the river for many a moon.

As for the naughty, naughty men, the
Bronx women say they are not going
to stop till every gambling joint where
pinocchio is played has been
"pulled." They don't care whose hus-
bands are caught.

"I have my ideas as to who sent
some of the letters complaining about
these gambling hells, but I'm not say-
ing," said an indignant Webster ave-
nue woman. "Why, it's something
awful. My husband's getting to be a
perfect nighthawk. One night he didn't
get in till 11 o'clock, and when I went
through his pockets he didn't have a
cent. It's a crime, that's what it is.
We Bronx women ought to band to-
gether and crush this noxious to earth-
ly life. It's a real menace to our domestic
peace and it is leading our husbands
astray."

Excitement is rife in the Bronx. All
you want to draw a crowd is to wink
and whisper "Pinocchio." It's the big-
gest scandal that has broken loose
across the river for many a moon.

As for the naughty, naughty men, the
Bronx women say they are not going
to stop till every gambling joint where
pinocchio is played has been
"pulled." They don't care whose hus-
bands are caught.

"I have my ideas as to who sent
some of the letters complaining about
these gambling hells, but I'm not say-
ing," said an indignant Webster ave-
nue woman. "Why, it's something
awful. My husband's getting to be a
perfect nighthawk. One night he didn't
get in till 11 o'clock, and when I went
through his pockets he didn't have a
cent. It's a crime, that's what it is.
We Bronx women ought to band to-
gether and crush this noxious to earth-
ly life. It's a real menace to our domestic
peace and it is leading our husbands
astray."

Excitement is rife in the Bronx. All
you want to draw a crowd is to wink
and whisper "Pinocchio." It's the big-
gest scandal that has broken loose
across the river for many a moon.

As for the naughty, naughty men, the
Bronx women say they are not going
to stop till every gambling joint where
pinocchio is played has been
"pulled." They don't care whose hus-
bands are caught.

"I have my ideas as to who sent
some of the letters complaining about
these gambling hells, but I'm not say-
ing," said an indignant Webster ave-
nue woman. "Why, it's something
awful. My husband's getting to be a
perfect nighthawk. One night he didn't
get in till 11 o'clock, and when I went
through his pockets he didn't have a
cent. It's a crime, that's what it is.
We Bronx women ought to band to-
gether and crush this noxious to earth-
ly life. It's a real menace to our domestic
peace and it is leading our husbands
astray."

Excitement is rife in the Bronx. All
you want to draw a crowd is to wink
and whisper "Pinocchio." It's the big-
gest scandal that has broken loose
across the river for many a moon.

As for the naughty, naughty men, the
Bronx women say they are not going
to stop till every gambling joint where
pinocchio is played has been
"pulled." They don't care whose hus-
bands are caught.

"I have my ideas as to who sent
some of the letters complaining about
these gambling hells, but I'm not say-
ing," said an indignant Webster ave-
nue woman. "Why, it's something
awful. My husband's getting to be a
perfect nighthawk. One night he didn't
get in till 11 o'clock, and when I went
through his pockets he didn't have a
cent. It's a crime, that's what it is.
We Bronx women ought to band to-
gether and crush this noxious to earth-
ly life. It's a real menace to our domestic
peace and it is leading our husbands
astray."

Excitement is rife in the Bronx. All
you want to draw a crowd is to wink
and whisper "Pinocchio." It's the big-
gest scandal that has broken loose
across the river for many a moon.

As for the naughty, naughty men, the
Bronx women say they are not going
to stop till every gambling joint where
pinocchio is played has been
"pulled." They don't care whose hus-
bands are caught.

"I have my ideas as to who sent
some of the letters complaining about
these gambling hells, but I'm not say-
ing," said an indignant Webster ave-
nue woman. "Why, it's something
awful. My husband's getting to be a
perfect nighthawk. One night he didn't
get in till 11 o'clock, and when I went
through his pockets he didn't have a
cent. It's a crime, that's what it is.
We Bronx women ought to band to-
gether and crush this noxious to earth-
ly life. It's a real menace to our domestic
peace and it is leading our husbands
astray."

Excitement is rife in the Bronx. All
you want to draw a crowd is to wink
and whisper "Pinocchio." It's the big-
gest scandal that has broken loose
across the river for many a moon.

As for the naughty, naughty men, the
Bronx women say they are not going
to stop till every gambling joint where
pinocchio is played has been
"pulled." They don't care whose hus-
bands are caught.

"I have my ideas as to who sent
some of the letters complaining about
these gambling hells, but I'm not say-
ing," said an indignant Webster ave-
nue woman. "Why, it's something
awful. My husband's getting to be a
perfect nighthawk. One night he didn't
get in till 11 o'clock, and when I went
through his pockets he didn't have a
cent. It's a crime, that's what it is.
We Bronx women ought to band to-
gether and crush this noxious to earth-
ly life. It's a real menace to our domestic
peace and it is leading our husbands
astray."

Excitement is rife in the Bronx. All
you want to draw a crowd is to wink
and whisper "Pinocchio." It's the big-
gest scandal that has broken loose
across the river for many a moon.

As for the naughty, naughty men, the
Bronx women say they are not going
to stop till every gambling joint where
pinocchio is played has been
"pulled." They don't care whose hus-
bands are caught.

"I have my ideas as to who sent
some of the letters complaining about
these gambling hells, but I'm not say-
ing," said an indignant Webster ave-
nue woman. "Why, it's something
awful. My husband's getting to be a
perfect nighthawk. One night he didn't
get in till 11 o'clock, and when I went
through his pockets he didn't have a
cent. It's a crime, that's what it is.
We Bronx women ought to band to-
gether and crush this noxious to earth-
ly life. It's a real menace to our domestic
peace and it is leading our husbands
astray."

Excitement is rife in the Bronx. All
you want to draw a crowd is to wink
and whisper "Pinocchio." It's the big-
gest scandal that has broken loose
across the river for many a moon.

As for the naughty, naughty men, the
Bronx women say they are not going
to stop till every gambling joint where
pinocchio is played has been
"pulled." They don't care whose hus-
bands are caught.

"I have my ideas as to who sent
some of the letters complaining about
these gambling hells, but I'm not say-
ing," said an indignant Webster ave-
nue woman. "Why, it's something
awful. My husband's getting to be a
perfect nighthawk. One night he didn't
get in till 11 o'clock, and when I went
through his pockets he didn't have a
cent. It's a crime, that's what it is.
We Bronx women ought to band to-
gether and crush this noxious to earth-
ly life. It's a real menace to our domestic
peace and it is leading our husbands
astray."

Excitement is rife in the Bronx. All
you want to draw a crowd is to wink
and whisper "Pinocchio." It's the big-
gest scandal that has broken loose
across the river for many a moon.

As for the naughty, naughty men, the
Bronx women say they are not going
to stop till every gambling joint where
pinocchio is played has been
"pulled." They don't care whose hus-
bands are caught.

"I have my ideas as to who sent
some of the letters complaining about
these gambling hells, but I'm not say-
ing," said an indignant Webster ave-
nue woman. "Why, it's something
awful. My husband's getting to be a
perfect nighthawk. One night he didn't
get in till 11 o'clock, and when I went
through his pockets he didn't have a
cent. It's a crime, that's what it is.
We Bronx women ought to band to-
gether and crush this noxious to earth-
ly life. It's a real menace to our domestic
peace and it is leading our husbands
astray."

Excitement is rife in the Bronx. All
you want to draw a crowd is to wink
and whisper "Pinocchio." It's the big-
gest scandal that has broken loose
across the river for many a moon.

As for the naughty, naughty men, the
Bronx women say they are not going
to stop till every gambling joint where
pinocchio is played has been
"pulled." They don't care whose hus-
bands are caught.

"I have my ideas as to who sent
some of the letters complaining about
these gambling hells, but I'm not say-
ing," said an indignant Webster ave-
nue woman. "Why, it's something
awful. My husband's getting to be a
perfect nighthawk. One night he didn't
get in till 11 o'clock, and when I went
through his pockets he didn't have a
cent. It's a crime, that's what it is.
We Bronx women ought to band to-
gether and crush this noxious to earth-
ly life. It's a real menace to our domestic
peace and it is leading our husbands
astray."

Excitement is rife in the Bronx. All
you want to draw a crowd is to wink
and whisper "Pinocchio." It's the big-
gest scandal that has broken loose
across the river for many a moon.

As for the naughty, naughty men, the
Bronx women say they are not going
to stop till every gambling joint where
pinocchio is played has been
"pulled." They don't care whose hus-
bands are caught.

"I have my ideas as to who sent
some of the letters complaining about
these gambling hells, but I'm not say-
ing," said an indignant Webster ave-
nue woman. "Why, it's something
awful. My husband's getting to be a
perfect nighthawk. One night he didn't
get in till 11 o'clock, and when I went
through his pockets he didn't have a
cent. It's a crime, that's what it is.
We Bronx women ought to band to-
gether and crush this noxious to earth-
ly life. It's a real menace to our domestic
peace and it is leading our husbands
astray."

Excitement is rife in the Bronx. All
you want to draw a crowd is to wink
and whisper "Pinocchio." It's the big-
gest scandal that has broken loose
across the river for many a moon.

As for the naughty, naughty men, the
Bronx women say they are not going
to stop till every gambling joint where
pinocchio is played has been
"pulled." They don't care whose hus-
bands are caught.

"I have my ideas as to who sent
some of the letters complaining about
these gambling hells, but I'm not say-
ing," said an indignant Webster ave-
nue woman. "Why, it's something
awful. My husband's getting to be a
perfect nighthawk. One night he didn't
get in till 11 o'clock, and when I went
through his pockets he didn't have a
cent. It's a crime, that's what it is.
We Bronx women ought to band to-
gether and crush this noxious to earth-
ly life. It's a real menace to our domestic
peace and it is leading our husbands
astray."

Excitement is rife in the Bronx. All
you want to draw a crowd is to wink
and whisper "Pinocchio." It's the big-
gest scandal that has broken loose
across the river for many a moon.

As for the naughty, naughty men, the
Bronx women say they are not going
to stop till every gambling joint where
pinocchio is played has been
"pulled." They don't care whose hus-
bands are caught.

"I have my ideas as to who sent
some of the letters complaining about
these gambling hells, but I'm not say-
ing," said an indignant Webster ave-
nue woman. "Why, it's something
awful. My husband's getting to be a
perfect nighthawk. One night he didn't
get in till 11 o'clock, and when I went
through his pockets he didn't have a
cent. It's a crime, that's what it is.
We Bronx women ought to band to-
gether and crush this noxious to earth-
ly life. It's a real menace to our domestic
peace and it is leading our husbands
astray."

Excitement is rife in the Bronx. All
you want to draw a crowd is to wink
and whisper "Pinocchio." It's the big-
gest scandal that has broken loose
across the river for many a moon.